

F.

BALL







*R. Cruikshank, Del.*

*White, Sc.*

### *Father and Son.*

*Antoine.* She's mine—approach, and die.

*Act II. Scene 2.*

**FATHER AND SON;**  
**OR, THE ROCK OF CHARBONNIERE:**  
**A DRAMA,**  
**In Two Acts,**  
**BY E. BALL.**

---

PRINTED FROM THE ACTING COPY, WITH REMARKS,  
BIOGRAPHICAL AND CRITICAL,  
To which are added,  
A DESCRIPTION OF THE COSTUME,—CAST OF THE CHARACTERS,  
ENTRANCES AND EXITS,—RELATIVE POSITIONS OF THE PER-  
FORMERS ON THE STAGE,—AND THE WHOLE OF THE STAGE  
BUSINESS.

As now performed at the  
**THEATRES ROYAL, LONDON.**

---

EMBELLISHED WITH A WOOD ENGRAVING,  
By MR. WHITE, from a Drawing by MR. CRUIKSHANK.

---

**LONDON:**  
**JOHN CUMBERLAND, 19, LUDGATE HILL:**

THE  
UNIVERSITY  
OF  
WARWICK  
LIBRARY

*The Gift of*  
*Mrs G. F. Hall*



00242608

# ADVERTISEMENT.

---

THE following drama is founded on facts; but whether such facts be exactly calculated for scenic representation is a question that admits of various opinions: certain it is, that they excite nothing like the passion *mediocre*: the sentiments they inspire must be those which give place to enthusiastic approbation, or *inflexible* dislike.

To Charles Kemble, Esq. for his anxious, generous, and manly conduct towards me, from the acceptance of this piece up to the present moment, I have not language sufficiently energetic in which to express my gratitude. Were there no other requital than a recollection of this gentleman's disinterested kindness on the occasion, it must ever in itself prove a sufficient remuneration for such harassing emotions, as cannot fail to oppress every *rational* mind which opposes itself to the tribunal of a national audience.

To Mr. Farley, for his unwearied exertions both as a manager and an actor, I feel myself equally obliged: had the melo-drama been actually his own, I am satisfied that *he* could not have displayed a greater desire to render it effective.

To Messrs. Bennett, T. P. Cook, Baker, Duruset Evans, and Cooper—to Mrs. Vining, (*in whose exquisite performance of Violette consisted the chief merits* of that character), to Miss Love, and (though last, very, very far from the last entitled to my sincerest thanks) to Mrs. Davenport, I feel myself bound to offer the same sentiments. If the present drama were *really* worthy of their united talents, then I have to consider myself *uncommonly fortunate* that such talents were applied to its support: on the contrary, then the world has to congratulate them on the force of those brilliant merits which could elicit such applause, through the very extreme of difficulty.

E. B



# Costume.

---

**COUNT ST. ANGEVILLE.**—Scarlet hussar jacket and pantaloons ; blue pelisse, richly trimmed with gold lace ; black boots, black cap, with gold cord and tassels ; white sash, with gold lace and tassels.

**VICTOR.**—Same regiment as the count, but white pantaloons.

**MARQUIS LENOIR.**—Blue regimental coat, broad white facings, trimmed with gold lace ; pair of epaulets, white breeches, and high black boots ; cocked hat and feather ; white sash, with gold lace and tassels.

**CAPTAIN ROSENFORD.**—Light blue tunic coat, with stand-up collar, with gold holes in cuffs and collar, and gold straps on shoulders ; white and gold sash, with tassels, light blue pantaloons, black boots, blue hussar cap, with gold cord and tassels.

**ANTOINE.**—Flesh body and pantaloons ; part of an old French regimental coat, and grey pantaloons, the arms and legs nearly naked ; a deer skin on the back, and a belt of the same ; an old scarlet cloak in first scene.

**MICHAEL PIERRE VONFRANC.**—Green German livery coat, lined with scarlet ; black frogs ; light blue plush skirted waistcoat, with scarlet frogs ; scarlet breeches ; white long gaiters with black strap garters.

**BERTRAND.**—Blue and white woollen waterman's jacket ; Guernsey shirt, canvas petticoat trowsers, long black boots.

**FORESTER.**—Green frock coat, leather belt, russet gaiters, leather breeches.

**SOLDIERS.**—Blue regimental coats, white cuffs and collars broad white belts, white breeches, high boots, cocked hats.

**VIOLETTE AND AMY.**—White satin body, trimmed with small silver balls, with rich muslin and silver skirts.—Second dress.—Plain white.

**MADAME LANTONE.**—Blue and white rich striped old-fashioned silk gown, with broad bordered muslin, fly cap, blue and rose-coloured ribbons.

---

## *Cast of the characters at the Theatre-Royal, Covent-Garden, 1825.*

<i>Count St. Angeville.</i>	Mr. Bennett.
<i>Victor (his son)</i>	Mr. Cooper.
<i>Marquis Lenoir</i>	Mr. Baker.
<i>Captain Rosenford</i>	Mr. Duruset.
<i>Antoine</i>	Mr. T. P. Cooke.
<i>Michael Pierre Vonfranc</i>	Mr. Farley.
<i>Bertrand</i>	Mr. Evans.
<i>Forester</i>	Mr. Ley.
<i>Violette St. Angeville</i>	Mrs. Vining.
<i>Amy Cassonette</i>	Miss Love.
<i>Madame Lantone</i>	Mrs. Davenport.



# FATHER AND SON.

---

## ACT I.

SCENE I.—*A rustic terrace and lattice window, beneath which a pair of folding doors open from the chateau St. Angeville—the stage represents a beautiful garden, with rustic seat, &c.*

*Enter ROSENFORD from back.*

### DUET.

*Paul.* Come forth, dear maids, and quit your bower,  
[*Enter AMY at window.*

I dare no longer stay ;

My steed is waiting, but not the hour

That bids me haste away,

My love, that bids me haste away.

Hark to the chime of the vesper bells

Which chides this rash delay :

*Amy.* In the twilight path there's danger dwells

That bids thee haste away.

My love, &c.

*Both.* Thus, thus, at once, we sigh farewell

To the chime of the vesper bell :

Ding, dong dell,

Farewell, farewell,

To the chime of the vesper, vesper bell.

Farewell ! farewell !

[*Exit ROSENFORD, R. as AMY retires.*

*Enter MADAME LANTONE.*

*Mad.* Ah ! there goes our young guest, Captain Rosenford. Well, I must say he's a lively gentleman, ay, and a liberal one too : but he'll not remain long absent from this chateau while Amy remains in it : no,

no ! Surely it's late for him to think of crossing the ferry to-night : but these soldiers are afraid of nothing. Where can Vonfranc be all this time ? jabbering with the maids, as usual, I suppose. Not a soul does any thing in this house except myself : I rub, I scrub, I do every thing ; there's nothing but idleness and mischief going forward from morn till night. Why, Vonfranc ! why, Vonfranc !

[Enter VONFRANC, from Château.]

Von. Oh, madam ! vy for you vake a me out of mein comfortable afternoon's nap a ? Ich vas so vide asleep in mein arm de shair. Ich vas dream of der great bat-tel vich Ich fight ven Ich make der hunder Englicemen run before a mein pig sword, like der little mouse before the tam large cat a ; ah, ha ! [Aside.] Der owld vomans ! I vish vot der tefsil had her, vid all mein heart.

Mad. To sleep, and to smoke, and to dream, is all you appear good for now-a-days, Vonfranc.

Von. I ondairstand ! you vill neffer let me rest a till vot Ich sall become your husband. Ah, ha !

Mad. Husband, indeed ! I shall expect something more of a husband than merely to smoke and to sleep.

Von. Ah ! ven dat ve sall be couple togedair like der two turtles ; ven ve sall lif a togedair—lof a togedair—sleepa—

Mad. Mercy upon me ! stop there, if you please ; recollect the delicacy of my exquisite nerves.

Von. Nerbes ! nerbes ! ah, ha ! dat's a teflish good jhoke ! ah, ha ! ho ! ho ! ho !

Mad. Will you hear me ? I wish to ask you a few questions respecting Amy, your young mistress.

Von. O ! if dat you are going to praise mein leetle shilda, I sall gif you mein ears so long and wide as vat your mout vill open. Ah, Madame ! how you and Ich taste der lof for each toder.

[Sighs.]

Mad. Why, to be sure, Vonfranc, we shou'dn't be enemies : but you are always so rough, so uncouth, so boisterous, so quarrelsome !

Von. Ich quarrel vid a you ?—teffil cash me ven dat Ich sall dere.

[Sits down, takes out a phosphorus box, and lights his pipe.]

Mad. Hear me now, with patience.

Von. Ich am all mak up of der pashence. Vy tefsil don't you begin ?

*Mad.* There ! you will fly out ! Well, now I'm about to observe, that I consider it remarkably strange, that Amy, after living in this family so many years, should have pretended ignorance of our Victor's visible attachment for her ; and designs, as I hear, to marry Captain Rosenford, our late visitor, who has just quitted the château. Every body may see, that isn't blind, that our good master the Count had a great desire to behold Amy his son Victor's bride : and certain it is, the Count has been a most indulgent guardian to Amy.

*Von.* Vel a—ah !—poof !

[*Smokes.*]

*Mad.* I listen a little sometimes ; and sometimes I overhear odd matters. I believe the Count is very unhappy about this match, and wishes Captain Rosenford had never been invited hither. Now, Vonfranc, you, who were an old servant of Amy's father, couldn't you prevail on her to marry Victor, and discard——

*Von.* Vat ! vedder she lof him or not ? Modair Lantone ! [*Rising.*] Modair Lantone, ven mein old mastair die—Ich stant by his ped a side—Ich hold der poor gentleman in mein arms to mein breast a—mein eyes ovair-flow vid tears—he point to his lectle shild Amy : Ich could not speak a der worts vot stroggle in mein troat—but Ich swore silent a, in der presence of dat angel vot came from heffen to take away der sowl of mein mastair, always to do mein duty by his orfan shild, and ven dat I do not, may I—may I be tam !——

*Mad.* Unfeeling man ! sooner than comply with my request you would see me——

*Von.* [*dashing down his pipe.*] Ich would see a you dash in ten touseln pieces ; tefil cash me if dat Ich you'd not—dere a——

*Mad.* I shall swoon—I will swoon !—Oh !

*Van.* Ah ! you nastie owld vomans ! you make a me preak a mein peautiful bipe a, vot mein young lady pay for me at der fair of Leipsic ven she vas no higher as dat—Ah Ich vish you preak your ugly neck sooner ! [*Picks up pieces.*] Ich sall ran mad—mein peautiful bipe ! Ich neffer sall forget you dis a so long as effer Ich sal lif.

*Mad.* Is this your boasted regard ? ungrateful monster ! but I resign you—I renounce you. Was it for this I always set on one side, for your especial eating, the nicest jellies—the choicest morsels of the pantry ?—for this—but I leave you ; I renounce you ; I'll resign my hand to another ; I cast you off to despair !

[*Exit into château in a great passion*]

*Von.* Ha, ha, ha! in a despair you means; der owl womans—despair! dat's a teflish good a jhoke! ah, h—a! mein peautiful bipe; I neffer vas in this heat before a—no, no, Amy lof young Paul Rosenford, and he deserve all vat she feel for him. Victor prave lad! goot a lad! he may lof Amy, but der Count tink most of all on der money—der estate vat is Amy's—ah! ha! Ich undairstand. O, tefil! I am overhear—der Count himself.

*Enter COUNT ST. ANGEVILLE, not regarding him.*

*Count.* In three days Amy will be of age: young Rosenford will then demand her hand in marriage—her fortune—that must be forthcoming:—tis gone—lost—wrecked in a cargo of wild thoughtlessness—luxuries. Had she married my son Victor, then, indeed, the secret still had rested, and——[*Sees VONFRANC.*] You here, Vonfranc! I was talking: did you listen?

*Von.* Ich! O no, mein lort!—Ich nevair listen only ven Ich vish to let in a somebody—dat is ven der guests bang a demselves against der door of der château yonder: ha! ha!

*St. A.* Vonfranc, you have observed Captain Rosenford's attentions to Amy?

*Von.* Ich see! Ich see! he lof a mein young mistress—dat is good: mein poor dead mastair always vish for der union of der two families—poor soul! poor soul! [*in tears.*] Der cat, to make me break mein bipe a.

*St. A.* I could have rejoiced in Amy's marriage with my own son: methinks Victor was entitled to a prior claim—but as it is, I—I trust I have conducted myself like a parent to Amy!

*Von.* [*With pathos.*] O mein goot a count!

*St. A.* Why, what's the matter with——Vonfranc——you——

[*Alarmed.*]

*Von.* Noting! noting! mein lort! only ven Ich feel der gratitude Ich tremble, and der tears——

*St. A.* What! what is it you suspect? [*Aloud.*] I—I will be answered.

*Von.* Suspect a! vat sall I suspect, mein lort?

*St. A.* No—not any thing that I know of. [*Aside.*] How weak am I!—retire—leave me.

*Von.* Mein benefactor! if Ich haf offend—Ich am an old man—Ich vat haf Ich done?

*St. A.* [*Fiercely.*] Officious slave! still you—[*In a subdued tone, taking his hand.*] Stay, my friend; I



meant not this severity—my mind—my mind is ill at rest to-day :—forgive me—send Victor to me—go—go—go !

[*Shaking VONFRANC's hand.*

*Von.* Yes ; mein lort !—I —yes, mein lort. [*Exit.*

*St. A.* [*Sinking into the garden chair.*] How these emotions overpower me ! O guilt ! guilt ! beneath thine influence, the very crimson current of man's life turns from its natural course,—the course which nourishes and warms the heart ; till all that once was blooming fertile there becomes a wither'd, leafless, sapless tree, uncheer'd by sun, unsear'd by lightning's blast. [*Pause.*] Conscience avaunt ! I'll teach myself to be the thing I must ; he is but a knave whom the world's cunning proves a knave ; and then, even then, your poor virtue is more obnoxious than your rich villany. My son ! Victor.

*Enter VICTOR.*

*Vic.* You would speak with me, sir ?

*Count.* I sent for you—but you appear elevated !

*Vic.* Why should I not, sir ? Shall trifles vex me ?

*Count.* [*Sharply.*] Is Amy's hand a trifle ?

*Vic.* I've taught myself to think so.

*Count.* I fear, me, sir, you've treated her too lightly, else she had not rejected you.

*Vic.* What could I do ? I swore, nay, thought I loved her ; but when she said another held her heart, that other too, my friend and fellow-soldier, I wanted power to plead.

*St. A.* You speak, sir, with more fluency than policy

*Vic.* Instruct me to forget my rival's happiness : my hawks, my hounds, my horses, and the chase, must still continue to delight my mind : let Rosenford be wedded ; I'm for freedom !

*St. A.* Wild, wayward boy ! your mind is as a dream, that wraps the soul in calm but false security :—now comes your waking hour. My son ! O, Victor ! how, how shall I disclose the fatal secret, that steeps my life in shame, my house in ruin ?

*Vic.* Ruin ! saidst thou ?

*St. A.* Victor, if you marry not Amy Cassanet, three days hence her fortune may be demanded.

*Vic.* You'll resign it. Avarice was not wont to be my father's failing.

*St. A.* There bursts the truth. My château has become the reveller's haunt : here in these halls profusion

long hath scattered the bounties of her hand upon our guests. The golden goblet and the groaning table o'erflow'd to all with plenty and with welcome: my own estate was nothing—'twas Amy's fortune that paid these rash excesses—her wealth is now so fettered, mortgaged, and contracted, that——

*Vic.* I understand! had I married Amy, an explanation of her affairs——

*St. A.* Had never been demanded.

*Vic.* What is to be done?

*St. A.* See her again—kneel at her feet.

*Vic.* O my father! though penury and shame were now thy portion, these would I share; this hand should beg thy food; but wrong an artless, a confiding mind like Amy's, even for *your* crime, I cannot, *dare* not.

*St. A.* Crime! Such language to me! Victor, my son, not for myself I sue, but for your sake, your sister. Shall I behold ye, merely to swell this girl's extensive fortunes, bereft of your inheritance—like beggars, despised, deserted?

*Vic.* If, sir, our greatness must remain upheld by robbing blameless virtue of its rights, then give us rather poverty and the peasant's life of toil.

*St. A.* When ruin clings around thee like a serpent, as from a serpent all thy friends will fly thee.

*Vic.* My friends! Who has a truer friend than honour? My sword shall be my fortune; my estate, the world; to live as all men should, I'll labour stoutly, but I'll labour honestly, and Heaven will bless the means.

*St. A.* [*With emotion.*] Begone!

*Vic.* Nay, not thus; you are too, too much agitated, my father.

*St. A.* [*Fiercely.*] I would be alone: go!

*Vic.* Sir, I take my leave.

[*Exit, in tears.*]

*St. A.* My boy—how has he deserved this? Ah, Victor, I love thee noble, yet I'd have thee base. And Amy, she could such a soul disdain! Perverse girl! is it for thou to wreck us thus? wreck us! no, no! ere to-morrow, come what may, I'll—[*pauses.*] My brain gets wild! frantic!

[*Exit.*]



SCENE II.—*A romantic gallery, overlooking the Forest.*

*Enter AMY and VIOLETTE.*

*Vio.* [*Laughing.*] Come away from the balcony, Amy; the very sound of your lover's horses' feet has been out of hearing this half hour.

*Amy.* What a volatile creature you are, Violette! I'd give all my fortune to be mistress of such excellent spirits.

*Vio.* And I sometimes envy you your melancholy; and yet I should be vastly glad to learn what cause you have to breathe a single sigh: why there isn't a young girl in the district makes more conquests: I never take a walk in the chestnut avenue, leading to the forest, but I encounter at least a dozen love-sonnets tacked to the bark of the trees, beginning, "To the fair Amy," to the gentle Amy, to the *cruel* Amy," ha, ha, ha! and I do sincerely believe, that the invincible Victor is one of these scribblers *de l'amour*.

*Amy.* Don't remind me of that, Violette: alas! I'm unworthy of his attentions; my heart, as you know, is no longer at my own disposal.

*Vio.* Don't distress yourself, my pretty, pale-looking Amy: Victor won't break his heart for any woman in the world; his hawks and his dogs are too dear to him; but Captain Rosenford now, he sighs and he languishes. O, he's a true knight-errant in love. Ah! you are very fortunate so soon to become your own mistress! a happy bride, away you go, and, for poor pitiful me, why I must be content to hover about this lonely château like the large white owl which we frequently see in the ivied battlement.

*Amy.* Speaking of the owl, Violette, I had a frightful dream last night: it must have been an ill omen.

*Vio.* An ill omen! Did you dream, then, that you broke your wedding ring? or that Captain Rosenford, like most soldiers, had been found guilty of having more than one mistress?

*Amy.* Really I feel quite ashamed of my superstition; I dreamt—it was nothing—let us change the subject.

*Vio.* Nay, this reluctance doubles my curiosity to hear; suffer me to interpret this awful vision.

*Amy.* You laugh; but still your request shall be

satisfied. Listen ! methought that I was retiring to rest in my own little chamber, and on looking through the lattice, I distinctly saw a man in the garden menacing me with a dagger : I attempted to scream, but could not ; at that instant, the assassin approached me through the window ; I wanted strength to escape ; my pursuer stood over me, and, on lifting my eyes fearfully towards him, I beheld in his pallid features those of my guardian, count St. Angeville, your father.

*Vio.* My father ! Oh, Amy !

*Amy.* It was but a dream, recollect ; yet mark the conclusion : methought, though he lifted high his dagger, still he forbore to pierce my bosom, for suddenly, I, Amy Cassonet, had assumed your form, and become Violette St. Angeville.

*Vio.* A very interesting romance, upon my word, and a very pretty situation you bring me into at the termination ; ha, ha, ha ! but positively, Amy, your next dream must end with a marriage instead of a dagger, unless you expect to kill me with *ennui* at the recital. Hark !

*Von.* [*Without.*] Der tam obstinate !

*Mad.* [*Without.*] Nonsense, don't tell me !

*Vio.* Vonfranc and Madame, like married folks, already wrangling and quarrelling.

*Enter MADAME and VONFRANC.*

*Mad.* O children ! have you heard ?

*Amy.* }  
*Viol.* } Heard what ?

*Mad.* A savage man has been seen in the forest : what will become of us ? all men are bad enough ; but a savage one—the Virgin defend me.

*Von.* Ugh ! der poor kreter ! somebody vat beg for der bit of bread, dat is all, childer.

*Mad.* I tell you, there are *unheard* of accounts of his barbarity ; he entered a cottage, and devoured three full-grown children ; the children themselves can speak to it.

*Vio.* }  
*Amy.* } Ha, ha, ha !

*Mad.* Ah ! it's all very well ; but, for my part, I see nothing at all to laugh at.

*Amy.* Let us retire, Violette : should there be any real grounds for this story, we are not safe on the verandah.

*Mad.* Nobody's safe ; neither you, nor I, nor any other young woman in the forest.

*Von.* Ho ! ho ! ho ! if a dat he only interromp der *younk* womans, madame Lantone, you haf been a saf dese forty year.

*Mad.* Ugh !

*Vio.* Hush ! here comes Victor : we snall hear his opinion of this singular account.

*Enter VICTOR, buried in thought.*

Victor, can you impart any tidings of the savage man ?

*Vic.* I—no—I was thinking—

*Vio.* Of Amy, or your new greyhound ? Come, come, Victor ; Amy is not to be deceived.

*Vic.* Indeed, then—

*Vio.* What ?

*Vic.* O !—I'm going into the forest. *[Exit.*

*Vio.* Indeed, then, what ? O ! I'm going into the forest. There's a grand scene and an exit for ye.

*Amy.* Going into the forest now—so late, too. Detain him—

*Vio.* No, no ; pray don't : should he encounter the savage man, they'll be very suitable companions for each other. Where's the count, madame Lantone ?

*Mad.* Shall I seek him ?

*Vio.* No ; he's here already—

*Enter ST. ANGEVILLE.*

Are you going abroad, too, sir ?

*St. A.* Yes, Violette : some poor fugitive, whom the foresters misname a savage man, has been committing depredations in the gardens ; I have seen the unfortunate more than once ; while I have been out hunting, he has crossed my path, and I have given him charity : lest in the pursuit they do him harm, I go to interpose.

*Vio.* *[Aside.]* Looks this like an assassin, Amy ?

*Amy.* Cruel Violette ! Dear sir, this benevolence is worthy that breast which knows so well to compassionate the misfortunes of its fellow-creatures.

*St. A.* *[Who has regarded her with severity, smiling as she fixes her eyes upon him.]* My charming Amy ! I'm sorry you, who can so readily sympathise with the hard lot of a stranger, cannot sacrifice some little portion of your pity for the sufferings of my unhappy Victor.

*Amy.* Alas ! I—*[Aside in tears to VIOLETTE.]* Ah,

Violette, *this* is the poniard with which your father pierces my bosom.

*Vio.* Dear sir, does the ingenuousness of Amy deserve this harshness?

*St. A.* Pardon me, Amy, my sweet Amy!—but the distress of my noble boy!—you have said—

*Amy.* *I never can be his*: I have sworn before heaven, solemnly to become another's—Victor, I—I *never can be his*.

*St. A.* [*Coldly.*] You never shall.

*Amy.* [*Trembling.* Sir!

*St. A.* [*Taking her hand mildly.*] No, Amy, I will not urge this affair further; no, no; never, never: Follow me, Vonfranc; I shall want my gun. [*Exit.*

*Von.* [*Aside.*] Ich don't half a like a dis; Ich am a miserable old dog; Ich sall undairstand—mein beautiful bipe, too; ugh! [*Exit.*

*Vio.* Come, dear Amy, let us in; evening gathers round us.

*Amy.* Pray indulge me a few moments, and alone, to compose myself. I'll follow instantly.

*Vio.* Now for one of your melancholy moods; I shall chide you, Amy; attend me, madame Lantone.

[*Exit VIOLETTE and MADAME.*

*Amy.* Ah, Paul! Paul! he little dreams how much uneasiness my affection for him costs me. Alas! if that the friends of my childhood, my parents, still existed, and we had met, as amid scenes of past delight, the happiness of Amy had been indeed complete.

#### SONG.

Still dear in thought my native vale, the mountains clad  
in blue;

The flow'rs my young hand planted, that 'neath those  
mountains grew;

The vineyard green through which I stray'd, from dawn  
to set of day;

The rosy bank whereon I knelt, and twisted garlands  
gay;

Fond memory bids me still deplore,  
With many a charm that lives no more;

My mother's smile, so fond, so kind,

My happy home, my peace of mind.

If once more sought my native vale, through scenes of  
early home,

With him my young heart dotes on, what transport still  
to roam!



The rustic song with him to share, the village dance to  
 join,  
 From brighter splendour's maze apart, what happy  
 joys were mine !

Till then my heart must oft deplore, &c.

[*Exit.*

**SCENE III.**—*A thick Wood twisted with Vines ; the back part of the stage is nearly enveloped in darkness, and clusters of foliage. A gun is fired at a distance. Antoine rushes wildly in ; he has a dead white fawn upon his shoulder (Music) he stops—trembles violently—goes round the stage—listens—holds up the fawn and exults—a horn sounds—he listens again, retiring gradually to the music. A second gun is fired nearer ; he drops the fawn, and hurries out, back ground.*

*Enter VICTOR, with a gun on his shoulder, and Foresters, armed.*

*Vic.* Which way can my father have turned ?—should he encounter this ruffian, desperate from pursuit—the clouds too becoming darker and darker :—What have we here ? a fawn, and newly slain.

*For.* [*Taking up the fawn*] I know it : it wears the mark of a cotter on the borders of the forest—it was the pet of his children ; the robber Antoine cannot be far distant.

*Vic.* But my father ! his absence distresses me greatly ; he could not so suddenly have returned to the château—alone in this gloomy forest—in his state of dependency, too—judging by my own feelings—I—father ! Count St. Angeville ! ho ! hillo ! ho !

[*Exeunt, &c.*

*Music.* *When they are gone, ANTOINE returns to search for the fawn, which the Forester has carried away ; he indicates hunger and disappointment—he weeps, leaning against a tree for support.*

*Enter ST. ANGEVILLE.*

*St. Ang.* My son ! Victor ! whither has my abstraction led me ? I know not where I wander. [*ANTOINE starts, listens, and hastily retires with an involuntary burst of alarm.*] Some one moves ! O ! a passing bird, scared by a presence hateful to myself. So, after a life of pride and affluence, three days may

terminate my reign of grandeur; my children too—were this weak girl Amy in her grave, or from the world concealed,—I've thought of that long and frequently,—who then could prove the balance of my guardianship a fraud? no one: but how to accomplish such a purpose?—how——Ah! what would'st thou?

*Enter ANTOINE.*

*Ant.* Food!

*St. Ang.* They seek thy life! what art thou? Speak.

*Ant.* An outcast from the world, I have no home, no refuge save my bed of leaves in yonder den; 'tis there I groan unheard, and meditate upon the persecution that makes me desolate.

*St. Ang.* What crime could sink thee to this abject state?

*Ant.* Thou hast been kind to me; *thou'lt* not harm me; therefore, I answer, my offence was——

*St. A.* What?

*Ant.* [*Mysteriously*] Murder!

*St. A.* Murder said'st thou? 'tis a fearful deed.

*Ant.* I loved and was repulsed: my rival's blood best painted my revenge:—were it to do again, for such a triumph I should not tremble.

*St. A.* But remorse——

*Ant.* Is it more stern than poverty? 'tis poverty that makes me what I am, not guilt; had I gold to glut their appetites, would men hunt me like the wolf? no; penury distinguishes an assassin—wealth a conqueror!

*St. A.* There flashes the conviction. I'm resolved; tell me, deserted, hated of the world, what would'st thou dare to better thy condition?

*Ant.* All I *have* dared again.

*St. A.* Were I to trust thee, my security would be—

*Ant.* My fear of apprehension. I dare not hold communion with mankind, lest I denounce myself.

*St. A.* [*after a pause*] I have an enemy whose life is hateful, standing as 'twere 'twixt me and happiness; a poniard in thy hand, and wealth in mine; my enemy defenceless.

*Ant.* Think your enemy dead: give me but means to quit this life of wretchedness—in other climes to be again secure,—my hand is desperate, and thou may'st command it.

*St. A.* When the bell of the convent clock strikes ten, come to the little chapel in the forest; but be



careful no eye observe thee.

*Ant.* 'Tis plain I *must*.

*St. A.* Thou'lt find refreshment there; wait my arrival——

*Ant.* Thou'lt not betray me?—

*St. A.* No; on my soul!

*Ant.* At ten!

*St. A.* When the clock strikes—

*Ant.* I come. [*Horn.*] Ah!

*St. A.* 'Tis my son: begone, begone, and leave me: we must not be seen together; Victor, I—[*Hurries out.*  
*ANTOINE goes up the stage: horn.*]

SCENE IV.—*An elegant apartment of pink and gold, furnished sumptuously; a bronze lamp burns on a candelabre when lighted in the course of the scene. In the back ground, a pair of folding-doors open to a chamber, in which a white bed is partially distinguished: beyond it, a latticed window, behind which the Moon to rise: R. a practicable door leading to a second chamber; L. another window, practicable, with curtains. Table, &c.*

*Enter MADAME LANTONE, from the centre chamber.*

*Mad.* There, there, there! every thing is nicely arranged; and now, Mademoiselle Amy, you may go to your chamber as early as ever you please. To be sure when I look at her in the nice white bed yonder, she does remind me so of the sleeping beauty, in the Fairy tale; but why not marry our dear Victor? he appeared quite disconsolate this afternoon—Captain Rosenford could have had our pretty Violette; then, who knows but I and Vonfranc might have completed the bundle of Yatches?—

*Enter VONFRANC, with a lamp, L.*

*Von.* By coming in at der end, like der brimstone, madame Lantone—ah ha! dat's der glorious jhoke; ha, ha, ha!

*Mad.* Monsieur Vonfranc, I'm astonished at your repeated indecorums—what impropriety to approach me in this apartment! alone too.

[*Closing the folding-doors.*

*Von.* [*holding up the lamp*] Dis apartment! vat a teffel dis place? O! der bet a room; Ich hopes vat der

owl Vomans is not going to take a der liberties vid a me. Ha, ha, ha!

*[He lights and trims the chamber lamp, on candelabre.]*

*Mad.* I take liberties with you!—you abominable man!—talk of the savage who is said to haunt the rocks of La Charbonniere: my life on't, he would treat a person of my discretion and delicacy with more decorum.

*Von.* Perhaps you never break his nice pipe, ugh!

*Mad.* What malice! so this is your revenge?—but, sirrah, I shall show a proper contempt of you—you seek to take advantage of my frailty; you think I'm a lone woman; but now I woud'nt marry you, faugh! no, not if there was another man to be met with in the world. Ugh!

*[Exit in a rage.]*

*Van.* Ich belief you vond marry der tessel himself, soone as vot you vould tie der tam owld maid: but I dont tink vot der teffil himself vould a haf a you.

SONG—*Mock German Air.*

Der Teffil he put on his Sunday clothes,  
And tied his pig-tail in a bag: don't ye hear?  
His mostacioes he curl vid a twist round his nose,  
And mounted his tall a black nag—O dear!  
But vere was der 'Teffil a going so gay?  
Into der Hartz forest to ride, to ride;  
Der leetle birds shuckle—'twas Valentine day,  
And der Teffil he vant for a bride.  
To ride  
By his side,  
And der 'Teffil he vant for a bride.

*Enter AMY and VIOLETTE, followed by MADAME, with a taper.*

*Amy:* You were singing, good Vonfranc.

*Vio.* A love-sonnet in praise of Madame Lantone's beauty, doubtless.

*Von.* O mein pretty childers! Ich am always merry ven dat Ich know you are vell a—ha, ha.

*Vio.* But Madame Lantone doesn't appear in her usual spirits, Vonfranc—has any thing—

*Amy.* A truce to this raillery, Violette—your father approaches.

*Enter ST. ANGEVILLE.*

*St. Ang.* Not yet in bed, girls, this rough night?

*Vio.* The clock hath not struck ten. 'Tis early yet.

*St. Ang.* Your brother thinks not so. He sleeps ere now. Vonfranc, 'tis you I sought; give me the chateau keys, and then to rest.

*Von.* Min lort?

*St. Ang.* [*roughly*] The keys of the chateau gate!

*Von.* Dis a long a years I always carry der keys to mein bed a side—and to-night a—[*ST. ANG. gives him a terrible look*—vel, min lort, der keys—dey are below.  
[*Clock strikes.*]

*St. Ang.* There, the clock is striking—to bed, to bed, all of ye.

*Vio.* What ails my father?

*St. Ang.* What should ail me, save fatigue? Good night, Violette! *farewell*, Amy.

*Amy.* [*with sweetness*] *Farewell?* why not good night to me, dear guardian? You speak as though we were to meet no more.

*St. Ang.* Did I say farewell? Good night, Amy! [*Going, he returns.*] Heaven bless you! Heaven bless you! [*Kisses her.*] Vonfranc, follow me: I must have the keys.

*Von.* Issa, mein lort! you sa'll a.

[*Exit ST. ANG. and VONFRANC.*]

*Vio.* How strange this conduct!

*Amy.* Alas! I have offended deeply in daring to refuse your brother's hand: and thus, the count's anger and esteem contend for my forgiveness: well, well: this gloom will soon pass over, like a cloud crossing the sun, and then, Violette, the brightness will seem brighter still.

*Vio.* Let us to repose

*Mad.* Here are tapers. [*She has lit two on the table.*]

*Amy.* Sweet slumbers to Madame Lantone!

*Vio.* And pleasant dreams.

*Mad.* [*Aside*] Ah! I'm sure I shall dream of that monster Vonfranc: bless ye, my dear children—good night! [*Music: they kiss her, she goes out.*]

*Amy.* I cannot forget my strange dream; I tremble now.

*Vio.* Ha, ha, ha! Away with these weak fancies—are they worthy a soldier's mistress?

*Amy.* I own I am to blame. Pardon mè, Violette.

[*Music: they embrace, VIOLETTE takes up one of the tapers, and goes out R.*]

*Amy.* Hark! surely some one paces the corridor—ah, again—no—no—it was mere imagination.

[*Music : she opens the folding-doors, and the form of a man (ANTOINE) appears at the window ; as he vanishes, the moonlight falls on the drapery of the bed. AMY screams.*

*Enter VIOLETTE hastily.*

*Vio.* What has happened ?

*Amy.* [*Trembling*] I thought I saw—I'm certain [*Gazing fearfully*] And now—a, ha, it was only the moonlight on the curtains. How childish I am !

*Vio.* You'll not rest in your own chamber with such impressions on your timid mind. For me, I have no fears of ghosts or spectres : I'll sleep in your bed, you in mine.

*Amy.* No, indeed ; I cannot—

*Vio.* Nay, I must have it so.

*Amy.* I own this kindness much relieves my heart ; but —

*Vio.* Ha, ha, ha ! You are a sad coward, Amy ; should the goblin or the savage man appear, depend on't, I'll scream loudly for assistance. Be sure you come.

*Amy.* Be sure I will. Heaven, heaven bless you !

[*Music : they commend themselves to Heaven, then separate and exit, VIOLETTE into AMY's chamber, AMY R.—as they retire, ANTOINE looks cautiously after them through the curtains of the other window : he enters with caution, and extinguishes the lamp : at that moment VONFRANC comes in : he (ANTOINE) conceals himself behind the table.*

*Van.* Ich have leave mein lamp—ah—all in der dark, dat is der most extraordinarie—who should put it out, and der toder too ?—Ich not understood—ah ! dis is der comic trick of mamselle Violette ; der pretty shild !—still Ich must a haf mein lamp ; or Ich cannot go to mein chamber.

[*Music : he goes to the table, and feels for his lamp ; as he passes round, ANTOINE crawls before him on his hands and knees ; VONFRANC touches ANTOINE—a chord : they both start forward and stand, R. and L.*

*Von.* Vat is dat ? der Teffil ! how mein heart boomp a ! ah !



[VIOLETTE is heard singing a hymn-like air.

(Organ music.) VONFRANC listens with devotion.

ANTOINE trembles violently.

Von. She sing der song of der angel; it make me tink vat I sall hear in hessen—vat vas dat vich I touch? O noting, noting but der tam leg of der table—I must haf a mein lamp.

[Music: as he approaches the table, he crosses ANTOINE, who steals again behind the curtains.

Van. Ah, ha! here it is a—now I sall pull out mein phosphorous box a, and—ah! mein Got! vat is dat vich I see? der count come a dis vay—he look a like der ghost—now he listen at der doors as he pass—Ich am very uneasy—Ich sall not go to mein bet—Ich sall stay vere dat Ich am.

[Music: he conceals himself under the table, as the Count enters with a lamp: he is pale and haggard.

St. Ange. Not a soul stirring save myself—'tis a stormy night—the moon suddenly over-clouded—the rain descends in torrents—the thunder rages now—heaven itself seems to threaten me—I'll not do it—yet to sustain shame, infamy, the scorn of insulting enemies—[Bell tolls]—'tis the signal—Autoine—hist!

[Music: ANTOINE lifts up the drapery with his extended hands, and as he stands with his back to the window, the forked lighteing, flashing past, gives him almost a demoniac appearance, at which ST. ANGEVILLE himself shudders.

Ant. Now what am I to accomplish?

St. Ang. This purse is your reward—yonder sleeps your victim:—when dead, you must convey hence the body, and bury it among the rocks of La Charbonniere.

Ant. 'Tis done! your dagger.

St. Ang. Mine—'tis here.

Ant. I go—yet stay—I have heard the footsteps of some intruder.

St. Ang. Impossible: where should he conceal himself?—only in yon closet—[holds the lamp, R.] 'Tis empty; ah! should Vonfranc have left his chamber—I'll try the door—an instant—I'll try the door—

[Goes out taking the lamp, followed by ANTOINE.

Von. [Coming cautiously forward] Dat is goot! Ich haf der key—[holds up the key.]—Der door is lock—Ich sall hide myself. Ich sall vash meinsel all der night.

[Exit, R. into the closet

*Re-enter ST. ANGEVILLE and ANTOINE.*

*St. Ang.* The door made fast! all secure—Violette asleep too—*[Listens at door, R. looks under table.]*  
Now! your dagger—quick!

*Ant.* *[Going to chamber, returns]* So innocent!—  
I—no, I cannot—

*St. Ang.* Wretch! am I betrayed? Think of your guilt, your famine. You are in my power! Delay not—haste—come, come,—*[Partially opening the door.]*

*Ant.* Famine! horror! I—*[Rushes in.]*

*St. Ang.* Stay; stay; I do repent me; I—a moment—ague convulses me—Antoine—*[VIOLETTE screams.]*  
Stifle her cries, or we are lost! *[Closing the door violently.]* Confusion! Victor—you—I—

*[VICTOR rushes in, his sword is in his hand.]*

*Vic.* Amy's voice! father!

*St. Ang.* My son! away—go—fly!

*Vic.* Fiends haunt me to-night. I cannot sleep.  
That scream! it sounds again! *[Scream fainter.]*

*St. Ang.* *[Dragging him back as he approaches the chamber.]* No; forbear! forbear!

*Music: as they struggle the door flies open, and ANTOINE enters with a dagger in his left hand; his right grasps a lamp, which he holds towards the chamber: his looks are full of agitation.*

*Ant.* Behold!

*Vic.* O my father! my father!

*Enter VONFRANC, R.*

*Von.* Save her! save her! mercy!

*Music: a picture is formed in an instant: VONFRANC sinks on his knees, C., gazing at ANTOINE.*

*ST. ANGEVILLE presents a pistol to silence him. VICTOR stands on the L. his face buried in his hands. ANTOINE fills up the group. Thunder. Drop falls.*

ND OF ACT I.



## ACT II.

SCENE I.—*A room in the ferry-house of La Charbonniere, furnished with a table, chairs, and a fire ; a lamp, flask, &c. on table. Practicable door, L. a window, through the shutters of which the storm is heard and seen at intervals.*

BERTRAND and CAPTAIN ROSENFORD, seated.

*Ber.* St. Basil be good unto us, my young master, but this is, indeed, a perilous night ; the crazy cork trees do nothing but crack, crack, crack, as though all Belzebub's postillions were driving their general through the forest. You are a fortunate man, captain, to be under the cover of the ferry-house.

*Rosen.* Fortunately unfortunate, honest Bertrand. In the first place, it was unfortunate, that the rushing down of the water should render it unsafe to cross the ferry, just as I arrived. Secondly, it was unfortunate that the storm, raging, as it still does, should have prevented my returning, to pass the night at the château, though not a league distant ; but then again, thirdly, it is fortunate I have your company, and your good cheer, by way of an agreeable consolation, although I can scarcely keep awake, I confess.

*Ber.* Ah ! your honour's a merry gentleman. I have much to thank the storm for : but, captain, you don't like the wine—recollect it may serve to keep out the cold.

*Rosen.* O ! never fear, but what I'll do my duty by your liquor. You never heard of a good soldier flinching from his bottle, any more than he would from his enemy.

*Ber.* Ah, captain, if you would but sing me that brave song with which you have made the woods echo so often, when you and I, and my young master, Victor, were in the habit of hunting together.

*Rosen.* With all my heart ! You are an old acquaintance, Bertrand, and I won't refuse you.

## SONG.

When the dogs are abroad, and the wolf is astray,  
 Hillio! hillio! hillio!  
 What joy through the forest to gallop away,  
 Mid the dew-spangled leaves, at the red dawning day,  
 While the horn sweetly winds to the forester's lay!  
 Hillio! hillio! ho! lo!  
 While the horn sweetly winds to the forester's lay—  
 Hillio! hillio! hillio!

When the wearied sun sinks to the mountains again,  
 Hillio! hillio! hillio!  
 And huntsmen fatigued lie around on the plain,  
 What pride o'er the wolf's head a flagon to drain,  
 And shout while the glad horns re-echo the strain,  
 Hillio! hillio! &c.

[BERTRAND, *who has been drinking during this song, has fallen asleep at its conclusion.*

Rosen. My worthy host fallen asleep?—my servant Felix, who has been absent to see after the horses this last hour, has, I suspect, followed the ferryman's example. Egad! my heavy eyes tempt me also to take the hint: on yonder rude couch I'll throw myself till sunrise, and then to cross the ferry. [Exit.

Ber. Hillio! hillio! hillio! [*He wakes.*] Hillio seems to have taken his leave. Ah! ha! what old Bertrand's bed is better than no bed at all! I half believe I've been winking myself. I'll take another drop, and—[Knock at door.] Who the devil's that?

Ant. [*Without.*] Bertrand! Bertrand!

Ber. It's poor Antoine! I wish I'd never given him any relief; its only encouraging villany, I fear; and—but then he's a persecuted man, hunted by justice—for what I can't tell. Well! well! it's no business of mine—the bread we give away in charity, we give away in eharity: a good ehristian does'nt stop to ask the fellow starving at his feet whether he's honest or not: the night is cold and wet, so come in, Antoine—but be eareful—I'm not alone.

[*Music.—He opens the door—ANTOINE appears with VIOLETTE insensible in his arms.*

Ant. Alas! good Bertrand, see what is to be done?

Ber. A woman! Antoine! whose eruel work is this?

*Ant.* Mine ! mine ! mine ! Heaven of pity give me aid for this unfortunate !

*Ber.* Wretch ! and is it thus you requite my hospitality—my past acts of kindness, by bringing here your hellish deeds to accomplish my ruin ? Murder ! murder ! Captain Rosenford !

*Ant.* Ah ! a soldier ! fiends ! men ! ha, ha, ha !

[*Music.*—*He snatches VIOLETTE from the cane couch on which he had placed her, and hurries out as ROSENFORD enters, hastily.*

*Rosen.* What is it I behold ?

*Ber.* An assassin !

*Rosen.* Ah ! monster ! stay and endure a soldier's vengeance. Bertrand, you fly and alarm the château for me :—terrible doubts—distraction fills my mind. Amy !—I'll follow yon demon in human form—he or I shall perish. [*Rushes out.—Thunder and Lightning.*

SCENE II.—*A tapestried breakfast-parlour in the château—the window-shutters are closed—VONFRANC enters, pale and melancholy, R.—he tries the door practicable, L.*

*Von.* No, all fast : here Ich am, like a der little mouse in der trap. Ah ! Ich sall be mush happy in mein grave. Mein poor Amy ! mein dear a shild a—now—see is gone. Ich haf nothing to remember her—mein pipe a ! ah, dat curse owld modair Lantone ! all, all gone, all mein comforts ; mein pipe and mein leetle shild. Vell, vell, dey half drag me into dis chamber ; but ven I sall get a loose Ich sall revenge myself—Ich sall tear der 'sassin all into pieces—Ich sall proclaim his guilt a to all der world—I sall, Amy—mein heart is break ! mein heart is break !

*Music.*—*The door is slowly opened, and VICTOR enters—he locks the door after him, and observes VONFRANC, who appears lost in grief.*

*Vic.* Alas ! [*Approaches him.*] My friend, if I can now address even you, by that sacred name. Oh ! how shall I give utterance to the anguish of my despairing breast ?

*Von.* [*Fiercely.*] You dere ! Victor ! Vy for am I lock in dis chamber ? Vy for you dare to drag me here ? I sall demand der vengeance on dis murderers of méin Amy.

*Vic.* Ah ! Vonfranc ! you never gazed so sternly on me till this bitter moment : there never was a moment in which I could less sustain those angry frowns. Good old man ! if you ever loved me—if ever you treasured



the immortal happiness of that dear angel, on the head of whose earthly destroyer you now silently invoke perdition—promise me to bury eternally in your breast the dreadful secret of last night—promise me——

*Van.* Nevair! nevair! I——

*[Clasping his hands, and lifting them towards heaven.]*

*Vic.* *[Throwing himself on the earth.]* Forbear in mercy! behold me at your feet.—I bathe them in my tears, and thus miserably lifting my hands, implore of you the life of my father. Can I live, and behold him perish ignominiously?—his livid countenance dis-severed from his body, and held to the gaping multitude, a spectacle of shame and horror. Vonfranc, have pity on me! pity! pity!

*Van.* *[In tears, shaking his hand.]* Goot a son! Victor! goot a shild!

*Vic.* You weep! my eyes will never more be dry. Vonfranc, you have nursed me when an infant in your arms—you have found in the house of St. Ange-ville, for many years, an asylum—a home; and will you now, that the unfortunate heir of that house sinks thus humbly in the dust, be the first to brand him with misery and ruin? You cannot, will not betray my father.

*Van.* Dear a boy! Ich sall not betray der parent of Victor! no! no! vat Ich haf a witness sall consume der ould man's heart, and vid der owld man's heart expire. Come, come a, dere is von eye vat see all—it is for him—it is for a him—poor Victor! poor Victor! mein Got!

*Vic.* *[Throwing himself into his arms.]* O, my friend! my friend! *[Knock at the door.]* 'Tis my father: for his sake let us seem composed—remember!

*Van.* Ich nevair can forget.

*[VICTOR unlocks the door; ST. ANGEVILLE enters, hastily.]*

*St. Ang.* *[Coldly, not looking at VONFRANC.]* Vonfranc! you have spoken with my son—you comply—

*Vic.* He has promised.

*St. A.* *[Warmly.]* Promised! he must swear: the honour of our house demands it.

*Von.* *[With bitterness.]* The honour of dis house, mein lort, is now writ in der characters vat noting sall erase.

*St. A.* This insolence! you forget your duty towards me.

*Von.* Alas! you haf forget your duty towards yourself, mein lort.

*St. A.* Dog! you would betray the trust of your master.

*Von.* You haf betray der trust of mein master vat is now der saint in heffen.

*St. A.* Vonfranc! of what is it you would accuse me? If the savage who haunts these gloomy woods comes, desperately, to my house at midnight, with murder in his heart, am I to blame?

*Von.* Mein lort, oy; for den, ven my cries had cause der apprehension of dat fiend, vy for did you threaten der poor German's life?

*St. A.* I'll answer nought. Art thou thy master's judge? Swear never to impart to mortal ear the mystery of last night; or thus, despairing, I seal at once my ruin and thy death.

[*Presenting a pistol.*]

*Von.* You forget vat is done already.

*St. A.* I am desperate!

*Vic.* Vonfranc, beware! this cruel hesitation distracts my father: me, too, it renders wild. What's done, is done, and cannot be recalled.

*Mad. Lan.* [*Without.*] Vonfranc! Vonfranc!

*St. A.* 'Tis the housekeeper! to your chamber go:—go and compose yourself—no—stay——

*Von.* Dis bettair as it is a.—Ich sall busy meinsel—Ich sall be ver happy ven dat Ich am employ.

[*He opens the shutters, then brings on a table and chairs.*]

*St. A.* Victor, follow me. No; whither would I go?—from Amy's chamber all evidences are removed. I dare not leave Vonfranc alone with the housekeeper. How pale you look, Victor! those looks will betray us. What a situation is mine!—Oh!

*Vic.* Dear father——

*St. A.* Hush! be yourself.

*Enter MADAME.*

*St. A.* Madame Lantone, is my daughter stirring?

*Mad.* Not yet, my lord! 'tis early: shall I inform her that——

*St. A.* No, no; I'll call her presently; you——Let us have breakfast. Go!

[*Sits.*]

*Mad.* I'm going, my lord. Why, Vonfranc, your features are as ghastly as though you had been witnessing a murder!

[*They exchange looks.*]

*Von.* Mur—— mein Got a! der owld vomans! ugh!  
[*Turning away.*] Mein bipe a!

*Mad.* And you, my dear Victor, you wou'dn't speak to me just now. What can make you so thoughtful? Still thinking about Amy, ey?

*Vic.* Yes—I—I am, indeed, thinking of Amy.

*Mad.* Ah, Victor! she's too apathetic—she's too cold for you.

*Vic.* Then, you—[*Checks himself.*] Too cold, indeed!

*St. A.* [*Fiercely.*] Madame Lantone, why am I not attended to?

*Mad.* I'm going, my lord, I'm going: the devil's in 'em all, I think. [*Exit, L.*]

*Vic.* Should Violette enter Amy's chamber?

*St. A.* Well! is not every thing arranged? The body too by this time is in the rocks of La Charbonniere.

*Vic.* True, true—but——

*St. A.* Hush! [*Servant brings in coffee on a salver.*]

*St. A.* You can go! Vonfranc will attend. Victor, seat yourself. [*Exit servant—VONFRANC takes salver.*] Hark! [*Knocking at gate.*] We are betrayed! What will become of us?

*Vic.* Betrayed!

*Von.* Mein lort!

*St. A.* I know not what I said. Now, madame Lantone, who comes? [*Enter MAD. LANTONE.*]

*Mad.* The marquis Lenoir, and a troop of soldiers.

*St. A.* }

*Von.* } Soldiers!

*Vic.* }

*St. A.* The marquis Lenoir! the severe magistrate! Well, show him to this apartment.

*Mad.* He is here.

*Enter the MARQUIS, &c.*

*St. A.* This unexpected honour—

*Mar.* You'll pardon the intrusion, count, when I say we are in pursuit of an assassin!

*Vic.* }

*St. A.* } An assassin!

*Von.* }

*Vic.* What! What assassin?

*Mar.* The depredator Antoine, who conceals himself among the rocks of La Charbonniere. You, count, knowing the neighbourhood, are required to aid our search, in the king's name.

*St. A.* I—yes—O—certainly; but perhaps you are mistaken in your suspicions of Antoine's retreat.



Mar. Impossible! our spies have traced him through the forest.

St. A. {  
Vic. { Spies! when? where?

Mar. Yesterday, he was seen near this very château.

Mad. There, I said so, but nobody believed me.—Did your lordship hear of the three children whom he—

St. A. No!—not later than yesterday?

Mar. No; but the eye of Heaven watches him constantly; and murder is so odious an offence, that the finger of Omnipotence never yet refrained from tracing its detested perpetrator even to the earth's extreme.

Vic. Oh!

Von. [*Aside.*] Ich tremble so, dat I feel as if Ich had done der crime mein ownself.

St. A. Seat yourself, my lord—[*Aside to VICTOR.*] be careful, Victor, or—Marquis, we are proud of your company. [*Bowing to LENOIR.*] A chair!

Mar. I thank you; I'm somewhat fatigued. [*Sits.*] Ah! my young soldier, you at home! how fares your lovely sister, and mamselle Cassonette?

Vic. My lord—I—I'm choked with—

St. A. O! they both were well last night when they retired—both—Victor shall apprize them of your lordship's presence. [*Aside to VICTOR*] Go, quit the room; these violent emotions else will—

Vic. I—I go. [*A scream.*]

[*The COUNT and VICTOR retire hastily to R.*

VONFRANC stands L. nearly at back, with salver in his hand, much agitated—the MARQUIS rises.

Mar. What has happened?

[*AMY rushes in at the door, L.—she has a scarf in her hand; at the sight of her ST. ANGEVILLE utters an emotion of consternation, and falls senseless on the ground, exclaiming,*

St. A. Horror! then I have murdered my child! Ha! ha! ha!

[*Falls. VICTOR continues to gaze on AMY in a state of torpor, without regarding his father, who lies at his feet. VONFRANC, dropping the salver, rushes towards AMY. Picture instantly.*

Von. Den dey haf kil der wrong; mein shild! mein

Amy! she is alif! she is alif!—

Mad. [*Picking up the salver.*] Mercy on me! Vonfranc—

*Mar.* What means this distraction? that scarf!

*Amy.* O yes, she's murdered! my poor Violette, she's murdered! I heard the assassins approach her chamber; she screamed, but terror sealed up all my faculties; but now I ventured to enter her apartment: she was not there; in the garden, though the lattice, I beheld—O horror! on the verandah this fearful evidence; but they have torn her from us!—Oh!

[*AMY sinks into VONFRANC's arms.*]

*Von.* Mein Amy! she is come out of her grave again, to make a me happy. Madame Lantone, vere is your help a mein dear shild?

*Mar.* [*Snatching the scarf.*] This scarf, then—

*Vic.* Belongs to me! 'tis mine—

*Mar.* Yours? Your father's wildness seems to—see, he revives—

*Vic.* Oh! my mind wanders: father, dear father!

[*Raises ST. ANGEVILLE in his arms.*]

*St. A.* Where am I? this terrible dream—tell me not! fallen, dishonoured, cursed as I am, tell me not that I have slain my daughter! Ah! Amy there!—too true, too true! Oh, wretched father! seize me, drag me to your dungeons! Tortures never can surpass what now I suffer! Hide me from the light of heaven! the assassin of my daughter! let me die!

*Mar.* Say'st thou?—

*Vic.* Oh, urge him not! *my* guilt has driven him mad.

*Mar.* Your guilt?

*Vic.* Yes, mine! 'twas I—I that did this deed!

*Von.* No, no, no!

*Vic.* I denounce myself! Magistrate, do your duty!

*St. A.* My son—you—wherefore—

*Vic.* [*Aside to ST. ANGEVILLE.*] My father, avail yourself of this only stratagem, and fly; quit the land—[*to MARQUIS.*] 'Tis known to all, how I loved Amy Cassonette; she scorned me; last night, last night, therefore, by jealousy impelled, I stole secretly to her chamber—I fatally resolved—

*Mar.* To murder her?

*Vic.* Yes, yes; but, by undreamt of circumstances, Amy had changed beds with Violette.

*Amy.* 'Tis true, indeed—

*Mar.* Go some of ye and search the chamber—the garden—Violette?

*Vic.* Is far from hence.

*Mar.* Where?

*Vic.* That must be known hereafter! Till I please,

suffering shall not wring the secret from me. Ask me no further.

*Mar.* My duty is a painful one ; but he accuses himself. Victor St. Angeville, I arrest you in the king's name ; you must with us to the tribunal of Versailles : as your superior officer, I command you to surrender up your sword.

*Vic. [Starting.]* My sword !

*Mar.* You are no longer worthy to wear it !

*St. A.* Not worthy ! do but hear me—

*Vic. [Aside to ST. ANGEVILLE.]* No, no, father ! three years ago, from you I received this sword—I swore, in the ardour of youth, if ever we fought side by side together, it should be bravely wielded in defence of your life ; or, what is dearer than life, your honour ! To save you, I now resign my sword ; happy, even by such a degradation, if I can but accomplish my design : understand me, and fly. *[Giving his sword, which he kisses, struggling with manly tears.]* There, my lord ; there, there—I am content—lead on !

*St. A.* O—h ! *[Grasping his hand.]* Do not leave me, Victor—

*Vic.* Marquis, might I ask, as an almost heart-broken son, whose miseries even you are bound to respect, a few moments to console my father—a few moments to invoke his blessing and forgiveness.

*Mar.* No way to escape—the window barred—the distance from the ground considerable : your request is granted—retire. *[He goes out, with attendants.]*

*Von.* Der few moments, and alone ; den Ich haf a tink ! ha, ha, ha ! my pretty childer, come a—

*[Taking AMY's hand.]*

*Vic. [As AMY is going.]* Ere long, Amy, you, even you, will not despise me !

*Amy.* Oh Victor, Victor ! terror and consternation nearly overpower me ; I—you—my heart is almost bursting.

*[MADAME and VONFRANC lead her out weeping : when they are gone, VICTOR locks the door, and throws himself into his father's arms.]*

Father, father ! as you value my peace of mind, save yourself ; I beseech, I implore—ere it be too late, think of your own life !

*St. A.* And you ask me to sacrifice yours ! murder both my children ! no, Victor, you are young and virtuous ; I—I am guilty ; I merit death ! In mercy let



me throw myself at the feet of justice, there to confess my crime, and prove your innocence !

*Vic.* Ah, no ! leave me to destiny ; knowing your safety, then I might acquit myself !

*St. A.* Cruel impossibility ! no, I will not comply ; there is only one way by which I can atone for my offence : do not detain me, boy, while my brain remains calm, for this shock hath well nigh shattered my reason—release me, release me ! [Struggling.]

*Vic.* Father ! pity me ! hear me ! hark ! [Knocking at window] 'tis Vonfranc !

[VONFRANC opens the window with caution, forcing the bars with an iron crow.]

*Von.* Escape a now ! escape a now ! der soldiers are in der hall—der coast clear a !

*Vic.* Good old man ! father, you could conceal yourself among the rocks of La Charbonniere till nightfall, then to reach the next district—

*St. A.* But not alone, Victor ; you, you go with me, or I denounce myself ! I have lost one child by my own infamy ! death alone shall separate me from the other !

*Vic.* How, how shall I act ? Instruct me, Heaven !

*St. A.* Victor, behold me at your feet ! behold the guilty hands of your despairing father lifted towards you in miserable supplication ; do not, do not you abandon me.

*Vic.* That ever I should witness such a sight as this ! it transfixes my soul ! [Raising him up] Father, dear, unfortunate father ! let us begone together, even to the earth's extreme !

[Music.—They get out at the window—the MARQUIS and soldiers are heard at the door.]

SCENE III.—*The rocks of La Charbonniere, with a mountain-torrent rushing furiously between them : a natural bridge crosses the water, with a descent on the stage, L. — on the opposite side, a cavern, nearly covered with underwood, near which a natural fountain.*

[Music.—A scream heard—ANTOINE is discovered on the bridge, with VIOLETTE in his arms ; he appears almost exhausted, and descends with difficulty, under the emotion of being pursued—on reaching the stage, he places VIOLETTE on a rock. and returns to



*look out—he then returns to VIOLETTE, watches her countenance, and wrings his hands—a thought strikes him—he runs to the fountain, and takes up water in the hollow of his hand, which he sprinkles on her face—she revives.*

*Ant.* She revives! she lives! ha, ha, ha!

*Vio.* My father! count St. Angeville is my father! take me back to his arms!

*Ant.* St. Angeville her father! no, impossible!

*Vio.* Alas, this fearful place! so cold, so desolate! [*Shuddering at sight of ANTOINE.*] And thou, unsightly being, what art thou? ah! I know thee now, I know thee now! horrible assassin! [*Shudders.*]

*Ant.* Thy father 'twas that bade me take thy life: that I shed my own blood for thine [*Shows a wound in his arm, by tearing up his sleeve*] and so deceived him, doth it entitle me to these reproaches?

*Vio.* Seek not to thrill me with so base a falsehood; my father, he—his breast was wrought of kindness—he never gazed upon me, but his looks beamed like the light of heaven; guilt and he were strangers; take me in pity home; restore me to my father!

*Ant.* Never! he would scorn thee; with gold he made thee mine; we'll hence together, from him and all the world! Thou'rt mine, mine!

*Vio.* Thine! made me thine! Heard I aright, or do my senses mock me? Thine! sooner than that, from yonder beetling steep would I rush down into the roaring flood! Sooner than that—but oh! in pity do not thus appal me! If you have a human heart, compassionate my tears, while thus in agony I clasp your knees, and supplicate for mercy. You weep: defenceless as I am, you will not, cannot harm me!

*Ant.* Woman, thou distractest my soul! Know'st thou whom I am?

*Vio.* That question! these rocks! heavens! a thought bursts upon my recollection—your name is—

*Ant.* Antoine, the savage!

*Vio.* Lost, lost! [*Falls lifeless.*]

*Ant.* My very name is lightning that destroys the lamb! She's dead! she's dead!

*[As he hangs over her,*

*Enter ROSENFORD, on the bridge.*

*Paul.* This way I heard the scream! hillio, ho!

*Ant.* [*Starting.*] Ah! pursued! Down then with my prey, deep, deep into the earth!

[*Music.*—*He takes VIOLETTE in his arms, and carries her into the cavern — PAUL comes down, his sword in his hand.*

*Rosen.* Still he eludes my search! Amy, too, his victim! yon cavern! it must be—

[*Music.*—*As he approaches the cavern, ANTOINE rushes out, with a withered branch in his hand.*

*Ant.* Begone, intruder!

*Rosen.* Never, wretch, till I have rescued yon un-offending woman!

*Ant.* She's mine—approach and die!

*Paul.* Thine! miscreant, tremble!

[*Music.*—*they fight a decided combat—ANTOINE strikes ROSENFORD a violent blow—he falls:—during the combat, VONFRANC comes suddenly on the bridge.*

*Rosen.* Mercy, I—

*Ant.* Revenge!

[*As he lifts the club to strike PAUL, VONFRANC shoots him.*

*Rosen.* My preserver! Vonfranc! He, too, has sought Amy—she yet lives, perhaps, and—

[*Hurries into cavern.*

*Von.* Ah! vat is dat he run away for? am I not his frient? ah, ha! who is dis? 'tis a dat tam a rogue vat Ich see last night come to kill mein leetle shild: Ich neffer vas so glad to soot any bodies in all mein life a—

[*ANTOINE, summoning all his energy, attempts to strike him, and they fight off—horned music.*

*Enter VICTOR on the bridge, supporting his father—  
a distant gun is fired.*

*Vic.* They pursue us through the forest: where can Vonfranc be with the horses? He or we must have mistaken the path! Why droops my father thus? ah! yon cavern,—could we but reach it!

*St. A.* Support me! I am weary, weary to death!

[*Music.*—*They come down.*

*Vic.* Why this despair? these wild looks terrify me

—[Guns heard]—still they come, and no Vonfranc! Where, where can he be all this time? Cruel suspense!

[*Music.*—VICTOR comes forward to search for VONFRANC, while ST. ANGEVILLE is leaning against a rock—Enter on the bridge MARQUIS and Soldiers; at a sign from the MARQUIS, other soldiers appear on the rocks, the whole presenting their guns at VICTOR—ST. ANGEVILLE suddenly observes them with a wild exclamation of horror.

St. A. Despair! my son! escape! escape!

[*Chord.*—VICTOR turns suddenly round at the sound of his father's voice, and his breast is fully presented to the aim of the soldiers.

Vic. My life——!

Mar. Prisoner, you must instantly surrender yourself to our authority, or the immediate dictate of the law, for a crime like yours, is death.

Vic. I am resigned; drag me to my fate!

St. A. [*Rushing into VICTOR's arms.*] No, no, you shall not rend us asunder; the father and his son will die together!

Mar. Soldiers, do your duty!

[*As the Soldiers are about to comply with the command of LENOIR, a scream is heard, and VIOLETTE enters hastily from the cavern; VICTOR and VIOLETTE are in the COUNT's arms, as ANTOINE, pursued by VONFRANC, comes in, and sinks down at VIOLETTE's feet—a picture is formed, as the COUNT exclaims,*

She lives! she lives! bitter, bitter has been my penitence! and Heaven has not disdained to hear!

[*Curtain falls*







